

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVI. No. 2295

and **BYSTANDER**

London
June 20, 1945



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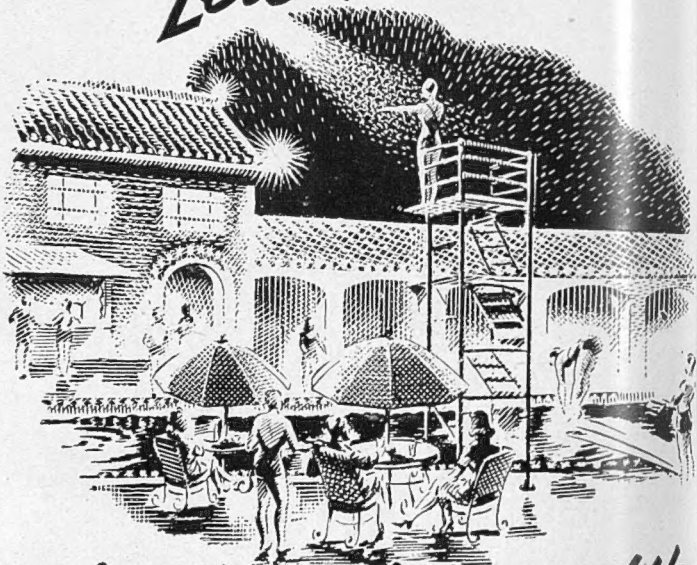
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Marcus Adams

Mrs. Harold Nutting With Her Elder Son John

Mrs. Harold Anthony Nutting, seen with her elder son, John Grenfell, is the attractive wife of Mr. Harold Nutting, son and heir of Sir Harold Nutting, of Quenby Hall, Leicestershire. Mr. Harold Nutting has been in the Foreign Office since he was invalided out of the Leicestershire Yeomanry, where his work has taken him to Paris, Madrid and Rome. He is now standing as prospective Conservative candidate for his home constituency, Melton Mowbray. Mrs. Nutting was Miss Gillian Strutt before her marriage, and is a niece of Sir Ronald Campbell. The Nuttings have another son, David Anthony, who was born last September



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Daylight

SOME of the most persistent political problems which certainly blurred the end of the fighting in Europe in the middle of our relief and enjoyment now, happily, appear to be yielding to the pressure of common sense. There are signs of an improving atmosphere all round; it is far too early to go further than that. But it does seem as though the skies were clearing in preparation for the approaching meeting between Marshal Stalin, President Truman and Mr. Winston Churchill. Until the political problems with which they are concerned are swept away, or at least tidied up, there can be little chance of a renewal of life and hope in old and battered Europe, in those countries where people have suffered mentally, morally and physically.

The importance of the meeting of the Big Three, which draws nearer every day, cannot be over-emphasized. What really is encouraging is that there are indications that a measure of agreement on some of the more stubborn issues is being reached beforehand. Marshal Tito has made an understanding with Britain and the United States about Trieste, which should relieve the tension in that part of the world. Under this arrangement the principle has been accepted by all parties that there shall be no territorial adjustments, no matter by whom they are claimed, until the general peace settlement. The Soviet Government's invitation to Polish politicians to travel to Moscow to negotiate the broadening of the Lublin Government which provisionally governs Poland at this moment is an even brighter sign.

Success

Nobody has worked harder and with more determination for a settlement of the problem of Poland than has Mr. Churchill.

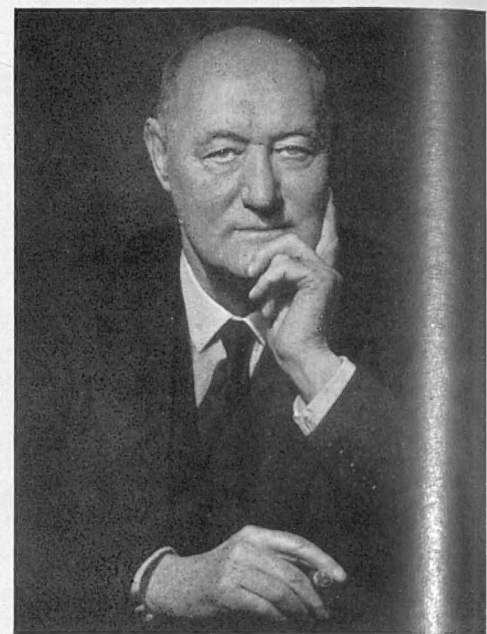
Once this matter has been settled—and it has been the most stubborn of all obstacles and may yet produce repercussions whatever is agreed—there may be a better chance for a closer understanding between the nations and Soviet Russia. At the moment of writing it is too early to say what degree of understanding will be reached in Moscow, but everything points to a measure of success. President Truman certainly chose well when he sent Mr. Harry Hopkins to Moscow. Back in Washington with the results of his mission, Mr. Hopkins was at once hailed as the ace of trouble-shooters, which means a lot to Americans. In the lifetime of his greatest friend, President Roosevelt, Harry Hopkins enjoyed plenty of suspicion but not much popularity. Now he appears to be the hero of the hour. But Americans are right in acclaiming a man who put aside all his personal feelings and defied his doctor to undertake a long and difficult mission. Obviously Mr. Hopkins's next journey will be to the Three Power Conference, wherever it may be held. My guess is that it will take place in Berlin. Incidentally, when the smoke of political battle has cleared Mr. Attlee will have to decide whether to accept Mr. Churchill's invitation to go with him; that is assuming the Three Power meeting is held before the results of the General Election are known.

Discussion

FROM the outset of the discussions in Moscow it was clear that the key figure would be M. Wincenty Witos, who, at seventy-one, has been forty years leader of the Polish Peasant Party, three times Prime Minister, and an exile as well. At the time of the Pilsudski coup d'état M. Witos found it necessary to leave his country and find sanctuary in Czecho-

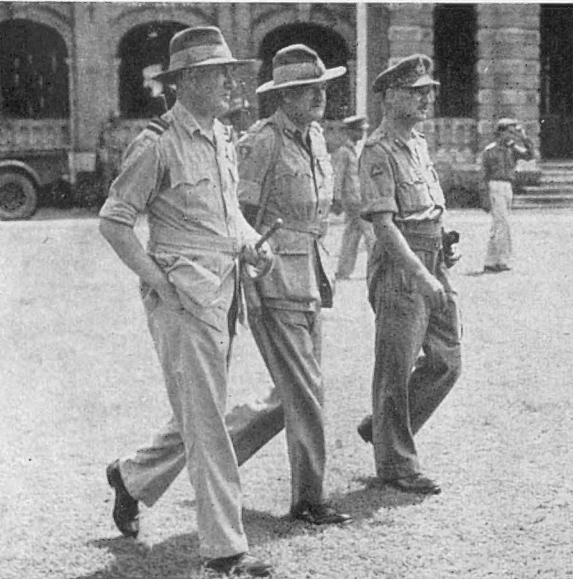
slovakia. While M. Micholajczyk was leader of the Peasant Party abroad, during the German occupation of Poland, M. Witos worked in the underground movement. He has always been an influential, even mystic, figure in Polish public life, and therefore must be an acquisition to any administration. In the circumstances M. Micholajczyk, who was formerly Prime Minister of the Polish Government in London, may have to take a somewhat subordinate position if he returns to Poland. I should not imagine M. Micholajczyk will mind this. He has always shown that his one desire was to help to restore life to Poland.

But even after the agreement between the Polish leaders, and its endorsement by Soviet Russia, the United States and Great Britain, there remains the problem of the Polish Government in London. When the British Government recognizes the reconstituted



Col. Sir Francis Joseph, K.B.E.

Sir Francis Joseph is the chairman of the United Kingdom Commercial Corporation, the organization which outbid and outwitted the Axis, in the battle for supplies and raw material in neutral countries



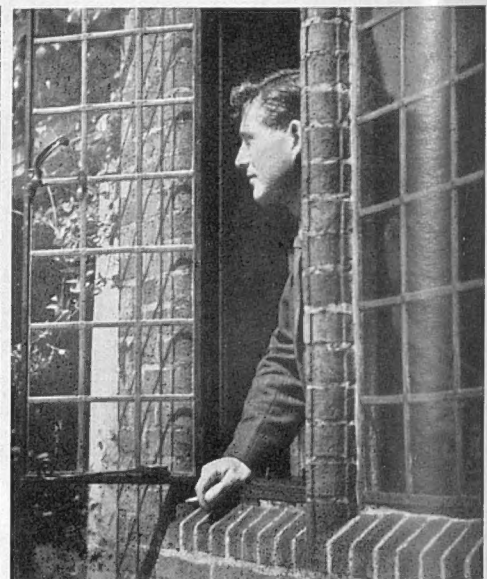
British Service Chiefs in Rangoon

Having a walk through the city were three British Service chiefs, Air Vice-Marshal S. F. Vincent, C.B., D.F.C., A.F.C., 221st Group, Lt-General Sir William Slim, who is G.O.C. in C. Fourteenth Army, and General H. M. Chambers, commander of the 26th Division which occupied Rangoon



Field-Marshal Montgomery's New Home

Some of the Field-Marshal's staff officers enjoy the sun on the steps of Schloss Ostenwalde, near Hanover. They are Capt. J. H. Henderson, M.B.E., Major T. E. Coverdale, Capt. N. W. Chavasse, M.B.E., and with Max the dachshund, Lt-Col. C. P. Dawson, M.V.O., O.B.E.



P.O.W. Nephew of Mr. Churchill

Mr. Giles Romilly, who was captured at Narvik when acting as war correspondent for the "Daily Express," was one of the hostage prisoners moved by the Nazis as the British approached. He escaped, and spent two weeks in hiding in Munich before he reached the Americans. His mother, Mrs. Romilly, is Mrs. Churchill's sister



General Eisenhower Receives the Freedom of the City of London

Londoners turned out in thousands to cheer General Eisenhower when he received the Freedom of the City, a ceremony regarded as part of the Victory celebrations. Gen. Eisenhower, accompanied by the Lord Mayor and followed by Air Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, and other members of the Government and Services, is seen being mobbed by the huge crowds



Johnson, Oxford

Canning Club Dinner at Oxford

Talking together at the Canning Club dinner at Oxford were Mr. L. S. Amery, Secretary of State for India, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Ronald Knox and Colonel Llewellyn, Minister of Food

Government in Warsaw it will have to withdraw recognition from the Government in London, with what consequences we cannot tell. Every facility will be offered to those Poles who wish to return to their country; and Mr. Churchill's offer of British citizenship within the Empire will most likely be repeated. Whatever solution is agreed, there is bound to be hardship and some bitterness. Some of the bitterness will probably fall on the British Government, but it is worth repeating that nobody has worked harder to win the freedom of Poland than has Mr. Churchill.

Tribute

M. EDOUARD HERRIOT, the former Prime Minister of France and President of the Chamber of Deputies at the time of her collapse, has lost none of his courage nor determination to face facts. He has described to the people of France how Mr. Churchill, in the little prefecture at Tours in June, 1940, just five years ago, cried like a child as he pleaded against the French surrender. "What

must never be forgotten," said M. Herriot, "is that owing to the treachery of our leaders, Britain found herself alone. I ask you—for I like clarity—what would have become of us if Britain had signed an armistice in 1940 as we did?"

Yes, what would be happening now? What a horrible thought! Yet we find Marshal Petain's line of defence in the statements he has made preliminary to his trial is that France's surrender helped Britain to fight on. He has tried to give the impression that there was an understanding between Britain and the Vichy Government, which Mr. Churchill quickly exploded in a statement in the House of Commons the other day.

Honoured

IT was a very happy thought on somebody's part to hand the Duke of Wellington's sword to General Eisenhower, in token of the presentation sword which is to be given him later, when he was presented with the Freedom of the City of London. It was one of those delicate compliments which a nimble-minded American, such as General Eisenhower undoubtedly is, will never forget. In speech-making as in co-ordinating men and machines, issuing Orders of the Day and fighting battles, General Dwight Eisenhower showed himself to be a man of no mean merit. In passing, he is the first American soldier to receive the Order of Merit from the King, and it was typical of the General that almost immediately after leaving Buckingham Palace he stepped aside to call at Marlborough House to pay his respects to the King's mother, Queen Mary.

I thought the speech of General Eisenhower was a model of modesty and imagination, of accurate appraisal and due humility. "Humility must always be the portion of any man who receives acclaim earned in the blood of his followers and the sacrifices of his friends." This is the soldier speaking, the great commander. But here is the embryo statesman who says: "Hardly would it seem possible for the City of London to have gone further afield to find a man to honour with its priceless gift of token citizenship. Yet kinship among nations is not determined in such measurements as proximity, size and age. Rather should we turn to those inner things, call them what you will—I mean those intangibles that are the real treasures that free men possess. . . . When we consider these things then the valley of the Thames draws closer to the farms of Kansas and the plains of Texas."



Minister of State in The Foreign Office

Mr. Richard K. Law, M.P., is the close friend and faithful follower of his chief, Mr. Anthony Eden, and has sometimes been described as Britain's "Associate Foreign Minister." He is seen at home with his wife and their two sons, Martin and Andrew

The crowds that surrounded General Eisenhower, the people who seized his hand warmly, all showed that they were forever his admirers.

Dissolution

AFTER ten tremendous years Parliament has been dissolved in order that its life shall be renewed at the polls. It has been the Parliament of Lord Baldwin, the late Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and of the greatest of them all, Mr. Churchill. We have to go back three hundred years to the Cavalier Parliament to find one of longer duration. In these modern times we cannot, of course, believe that any previous Parliament has endured such threats or emerged from such strains as the one which has just been prorogued by the King. In the same way we cannot believe, in spite of the problems which seem to lie ahead, that the new Parliament will ever have so many difficult decisions to make. But who can tell? Even the results of the General Election are proving the most baffling prophecy any political observer ever tried to make. The Labour Party leaders appear to be more confident than they were, while the Conservatives remain calm and convinced that Winston Churchill will win the day.



Naval V.C. Candidate for Greenwich

Commodore A.W.S. Agar, V.C., D.S.O., R.N., President of the R.N. College at Greenwich, is National Conservative candidate for Greenwich, and is standing as a "Service Candidate" for the future of the ex-Service man, and particularly for ex-merchant seamen. He won the V.C., and the D.S.O., in the last war

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

An Old Problem

By James Agate

EVERY Hackney judge has been presented with this problem: which of two animals shall he put first, the horse of beautiful quality but little or no action or the common brute who moves magnificently? It's an old teaser. Would you rather your son were at the top of the Fifth form or bottom of the Sixth? Yes, one knows all about Browning with his

That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.

Which, besides being spirituality, is also sense, seeing that a million minus one is a bigger score than a mere century. But suppose a batsman, not content with pushing this ball

both adopt it, and the difference would disappear." G.B.S. was actually writing about American methods in farcical comedy; Shaw's common sense, which was sound then, is equally sound now and in matters of wider application. In so far as this film is a gesture between countries it is admirable. What is the main trouble with it is the plot, in which a Flight Officer (John Mills) leaves a sweet young thing (Renee Asherson) in what she thinks is the lurch for fear she should become a war-widow with a baby. Does he tell her this? No. He goes away letting her think that he has, as lady-novelists put it, ceased to care—until, of course, the last hundred feet of celluloid. I just don't think that so good a story-teller as Terry Rattigan can be responsible

some pokey little hole near Paddington a boxing film with a new young actor called Stanley Clements. I there and then prophesied a career of the first magnitude for Clements, provided Hollywood had the sense to "see" him. Well, Hollywood has achieved this feat, and I confidently say that S.C., who plays the jockey in this film, is the best young screen actor since Mickey Rooney. His vitality and power of putting himself over are enormous. Add the further assets of an invincible plainness and an accent thicker than that of William Bendix, and it is easy to see how Alan Ladd, despite his charm and competence, is first offered a back seat and then swept out of the picture altogether.

I CANNOT remember whether I read Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not*. Perhaps I did and perhaps I did not. Anyhow if I did I've forgotten all about it. Watching this as a film (Warners) I found it very difficult to get the hang of it. I gathered that the time was after the fall of France, and the place the island



"The Way to The Stars" Finds its Inspiration in the Friendship of British and American Airmen

"The Way to the Stars" is a picture of life during the past few years in a country town "somewhere in England" bordering on a large airport. Here British and American airmen share the same work, the same dangers, the same relaxations. This is an intensely human story, packed with comedy and drama. Stanley Holloway appears as Mr. Palmer, a typical hotel bore, and Vida Hope, a young British comedienne of great promise, as the waitress

Love interest runs on a two-way track; there is the love story of the poet-pilot Archdale (Michael Redgrave) for Miss Todd (Rosamund John), as well as the romance of Iris and Peter (Renee Asherson and John Mills, who are seen above). Peter leaves Iris without telling her of his love because of his fear that she will be left a widow. Theirs is a story with a happy ending, however, for Peter gets safely through and there is the promise of happiness in their final meeting

here and that ball there and snatching an occasional four, insists on opening his shoulders at anything and everything sent down, and so, in Neville Cardus's elegant phrase, getting bowled all over his bloody wicket in next to no time?

I HAVE been presented with this problem in the form of two films, *The Way To The Stars* (London Pavilion) and *Salty O'Rourke* (Plaza). The first of these is an ambitious affair that aims at cementing the friendship between British and American airmen, not by pretending that no differences exist but by first stressing and then explaining them. Fifty years ago Shaw wrote in the old *Saturday Review*: "I need hardly point out to intelligent Americans that any difference which exists between American methods and English ones must necessarily present itself to the American as an inferiority on the part of the English, and to the Englishman as an inferiority on the part of the Americans; for it is obvious that if the two nations were agreed as to the superiority of any particular method, they would

for this, and I dimly suspect that the picture began as a documentary and was afterwards commercialized, which of course means romanticized, which again means nonsensicalized. The sub-plot about the hotel-manageress who loses both English husband and American friend is better. Pleasant performances by Renee Asherson and Rosamund John; good performances by John Mills, Douglass Montgomery and Basil Radford; stiff performance by Michael Redgrave. If only some producer would take two inches out of R's back, or give him bending exercises!

THERE is no nonsense about *Salty O'Rourke* except the kind of nonsense which is the screen's excuse and justification. No opening shot which may be either a picture of a disused railway carriage or a map of your aunt's fixation-complex. The tale is an exciting one about a horse and two sets of crooks. One set, including a jockey, gets a change of heart bung in the middle of the Big Race, while the other lot becomes shot, to the relief and gratification of the police. Some little time ago I saw in

of Martinique. That Vichy is in control, and the island stiff with fat, sleek individuals who look like French actors but are really a kind of Gestapo. Hanging about the island is one Harry Morgan, an American (Humphrey Bogart), who appears to live by taking visitors for fishing trips in his cabin cruiser. Now a cabin cruiser is a very useful thing from the point of view of the Free French who would like to use it for getting de Gaullists out of jams. Then there is a girl called Slim, also American, but alas, a stealer of wallets (Lauren Bacall). And then there is a drunken sailor, chief mate, cook and bottle-washer on the cabin cruiser, wonderfully well-played by Walter Brennan. This film appears to have only three settings. One, the American's bedroom. Two, in the café downstairs. And three, on the cabin cruiser which does a lot of cruising in thick fog. On the whole an immensely complicated and really not very interesting picture.

THE main interest would appear to be Humphrey's new leading lady, Lauren



Ginger Rogers's latest film is "I'll Be Seeing You." This is the story of a young girl, Mary (Ginger Rogers), sentenced on technical grounds to serve a sentence for manslaughter. Strange custom of the American prisons is to allow prisoners in this category to spend an occasional furlough in their own homes. On her way home for Christmas Mary meets Sgt. Zachary Morgan (Joseph Cotten), also on furlough from the hospital where he is under treatment for shellshock. Zachary and Mary spend a lot of their time together; they fall in love, but Mary keeps her convict status from Zach. The shock of this knowledge when finally he is told by Mary's young cousin (Shirley Temple) cures Zachary of his nervous complaint but fortunately does not weaken his love. Above left: Mary is seen with her aunt and cousin. Right: Mary with Zachary and Uncle Marshall

Bacall. Well, with her eyes far apart, a tapering nose and her habit of looking down it, a long quiff of yellow hair and a voice like the bay of a bloodhound with laryngitis, Lauren manages to remind one of Greta Garbo and Veronica Lake with a dash of the old Marlene thrown in. Which, of course, is very good for a young woman who less than three years ago was an usherette in a theatre.

AND now, girls, if this isn't enough about Miss Bacall, here is something quoted word

for word, but with more normal punctuation, from Warners' Feature Service. Perhaps I should tell you that "Hawks" is Howard Hawks the producer: "Hawks instructed his agent to write to New York about the girl, and instead of information Miss Bacall turned up in person in Hollywood. Her explanation, given to Walter Winchell, is that the mails got crossed and she arrived in Hollywood, after hearing from her agent what a glorious town she was going to, with no one to meet her. She went to the Beverly Wiltshire Hotel where

she thought she had rooms reserved. They had never heard of her. Finally she got in touch with her agent who sent her to another hotel where 'there are no men—only their mothers.' For two weeks she sat on the hotel balcony in a rocker and wondered where the Hollywood glamour was. Then someone from the studio rescued her. However it was that she arrived, Hawks had been around long enough to recognize screen material when he saw it, and he immediately put her under contract." Bye-bye, girls.



"**Experiment Perilous**" hovers in that strange world half-way between sanity and insanity. Nick (Paul Lukas) is the Jekyll and Hyde. Nick is a well-known New Yorker famous for numerous philanthropies. He is married to a beautiful young girl, Allida (Hedy Lamarr), but his mentality is such that in order to feed his own ego the destruction of others is imperative. He tries to destroy his wife in the eyes of her son by poisoning the child's mind with tales of his mother's insanity, he kills the men who fall in love with her, and it is only when fate brings him into contact with Dr. Hunt Bailey (George Brent), a man cleverer than he, that Nemesis overtakes him. Nick is killed in the explosion he has planned to destroy Allida, but his wife survives to find some happiness with Hunt Bailey. Above left: Dr. Hunt Bailey (George Brent) tells Allida (Hedy Lamarr) of his love and begs her for her confidence. Right: Nick (Paul Lukas) tells Hunt that he suspects that his wife is mentally unsound

The Theatre

"Jacobowsky And The Colonel" (Piccadilly)

EVEN proverbs are sometimes right, and the new comedy at the Piccadilly would be more amusing or it would be more exciting if the authors had taken the proverbial advice to do only one thing at a time. Franz Werfel and his adaptor, Mr. S. N. Behrman, march to three different timetables. With a tale of adventure set in the collapsing France of 1940 urging them forward as fast as possible, they have to accommodate their pace to a satire and a parable. No wonder that they stick fast where they should move fast and stag-

ger in circles where they should pause to contemplate the beautiful absurdity of human nature. For it is practically impossible to write three plays like *Dr. Knock*, *Arms and the Man* and, say, *The Assassin* at one and the same time.

YET the degree of enjoyment doubtless depends on the individual playgoer's reaction to the Polish Colonel. Some may think him great fun. He is tall, lean, aristocratic, brave as a lion, guileless as a child, vain as a peacock, obstinate as a mule and humourless as a cat. The feudal virtues and the knightly arrogance of the ancient kingdom of Poland are in him reincarnated.

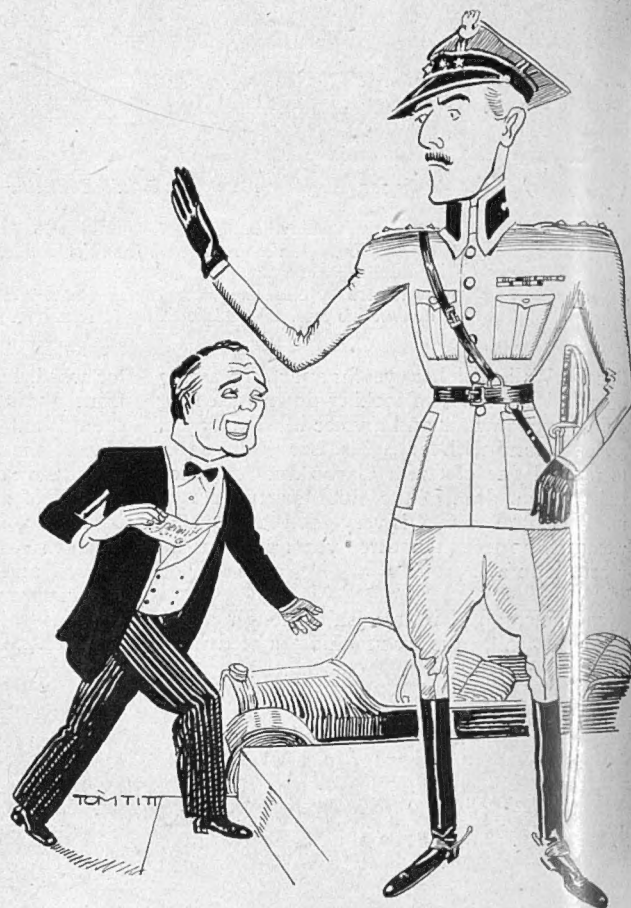
Like Sergius in *Arms and the Man* he believes in all forms of heroism as delineated in the fancy pictures—heroic war, heroic young ladyhood, heroic love; and this relic of the feudal past finds himself in Paris, in June, 1940, with secret documents to carry through the Gestapo-infested country to a Man in Grey Gloves in a café at St. Jean de Luz. Fortunately for his mission he is befriended by Jacobowsky—a Jew, also of Poland, who has fled persecution so often that he has lost all sense of nationality but developed a philosophy. He is in all circumstances resourceful, capable, practical, unaffected and invincibly cheerful.

It is Jacobowsky who digs out the last taxi left in Paris and comes by petrol and provender; it is the Colonel who quixotically drives it in the direction of the advancing enemy that he may keep his rendezvous with Marianne, and after serenading her with due ceremony,

explain that the situation is such that honour permits a Frenchwoman temporarily to desert her country. His masculine idealism prevails; but on the way Marianne finds more comfort in the supple-minded opportunist than in her stiffly romantic Colonel. They are always laughing together, and they always stop laughing when the hero appears. The hero complains; is mollified; tries (in a delightful scene) to be, as they say, humorous with lamentable effect; takes fresh offence and is on the point of meeting "his rival" in a fantastic duel when the Gestapo arrives. Jacobowsky succeeds in extricating the Colonel and Marianne, but is left to carry the all-important papers which the Colonel has forgotten. Here the satire at the expense of the Colonel, virtually ends. Exciting things happen at St. Jean de Luz, and on the quayside at Hendaye where there is room for only two of the party in the British corvette;



The Tragic Gentleman: Esme Percy as the man who foresees the onslaught of Nazism



The Jew and the Pole: Karel Stepanek as S. L. Jacobowsky and Michael Redgrave as the gallant Colonel

the antique hero has learned to appreciate the qualities of the modern hero, and he learns also that it may be the symbolic duty of the French heroine to stay in a conquered France while the hero escapes.

I HAVE said that your liking for the play will almost certainly depend on your liking for the Colonel. Many must feel that, skilfully as he is presented by Mr. Michael Redgrave, he remains something of a bore. He does not grow in absurdity and is increasingly in danger of seeming an insufficiently comic fool who suddenly develops a little commonsense for the benefit of the plot. Mr. Karel Stepanek is an amiable Jacobowsky; Mr. David Bird has three or four minutes of first-rate comedy as bureaucratic France; and Mr. Frith Banbury plays a Gestapo man abominably well. But—for a comedy of racial types—is not Miss Rachel Kempson's bold anglicization of Marianne a trifle over-bold?

ANTHONY COOKMAN.

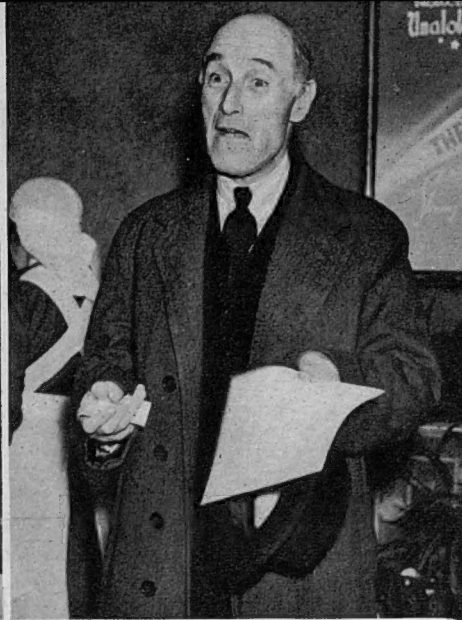


End of a Nazi: Frith Banbury as the Nazi, Michael Redgrave as the Colonel, Rachel Kempson as Marianne, Karel Stepanek as the Jew and Joseph Almas as the Colonel's Orderly

● The first public performance of *The Way to the Stars* had a large number of Air Marshals and their wives in the audience. This film of the R.A.F. has three of Britain's most brilliant men in the film world behind it, as it was produced by Anatole de Grunwald, directed by Anthony Asquith and written by Terence Rattigan. It has been considered one of the most outstanding British films ever made



Secretary for Air, Mr. Harold MacMillan, talking to Gen. W. E. Kepner, Commander, Eighth U.S.A.A.F.



Viscount Swinton, who is the Minister for Civil Aviation



R.A.F. Personalities at the Premiere of "The Way to the Stars"

Right: Mr. Anatole de Grunwald, who produced "The Way to the Stars," explains something to Mr. F. del Giudice



Mr. Henry Channon, who is M.P. for Southend-on-Sea, was at the premiere with King Peter of Yugoslavia



Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur and Lady Tedder were there together, having recently returned from their visit to Sweden



Having a cocktail were Air Marshal Sir John Slessor, former C-in-C. of the R.A.F. in the Middle East and Mediterranean, and Lady Slessor



Together were Air Chief-Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, who has been designated Air Officer C-in-C., British Air Forces in Germany, and Lady Douglas



The C-in-C., Bomber Command, Sir Arthur Harris, with Lady Harris, were both at the premiere



The Last Red Cross and St. John Flag Day in London

On London's last Red Cross flag day, the Hon. Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, in Red Cross uniform, was selling flags to Lady Weymouth and her only daughter, the Hon. Caroline Thynne

Effie Lady Selsdon is seen with a group of flag-sellers, Baroness de Collaert, Lady Newborough and Lady Iris O'Malley, who is the wife of Capt. H. J. O'Malley, Irish Guards, and the daughter of the Marquess of Carisbrooke

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Birthday

HIS MAJESTY'S official birthday was this year again allowed to pass without any of the ceremony that marked it in peace days, and we shall have to wait till the end of the war against Japan before the brave music and martial pomp of the Trooping the Colour parade come again. But there was the usual Birthday Honours List, and a small family lunch-party at Buckingham Palace.

Next year the official day set aside for observing the Royal birthday is June 13th, and it comes as a surprise to realise that then we shall be celebrating in retrospect the King's fiftieth birthday, for His Majesty will attain the half-century on December 14 this year.

Newmarket

WISELY, Their Majesties decided to travel by rail to the Derby. Had the Royal party made their way by road, it is doubtful if the police could ever have cleared a way for their cars, so congested and confused was the traffic on the first day of racing, with restored basic

petrol. Princess Elizabeth, in A.T.S. khaki, came with her parents to see her first Derby, and, to judge from her smiles and her lively talk with bowler-hatted Lord Rosebery, one of the three Stewards of the meeting, she enjoyed the experience very much. Lord Willoughby de Broke, in R.A.F. uniform, was also in the box as a Steward, and with Their Majesties came Lady Nunburnholme, Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke, Capt. Sir Harold Campbell and Sir Ulick Alexander. Another member of the Court present in his private capacity as a racing enthusiast was Sir Eric Mievile, who was also present at the Oaks on the previous day.

"Ladies' Day"

THERE was a big attendance to see the Oaks run, but nothing like the crowd next day to watch the Derby. Both races were over the July Course at Newmarket, their wartime home, but it is anticipated that both "classics" will be run over their normal course at Epsom next year. The Oaks was won by Lord Derby's lovely filly Sun Stream, with the Aga Khan's Naishapur,

only a short head away, second, and Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's Solar Princess third. Lord Derby was not there to see his filly win, but Lady Derby was there to see yet another "classic" won by one of her husband's horses. Sun Stream's win raised the hopes of the Stanley House stable for the success of High Peak (which is owned jointly by Lady Derby and her granddaughter, Lady Irwin) to win the Derby next day, and thus complete a family double, but High Peak did not live up to expectations and ran unplaced.

There was not the fashion display of pre-war days, when many women went to Epsom on "Ladies' Day" to see the clothes as much as the Oaks, and there were no striking dresses, or fantastic creations on the head, but on the whole the women looked exceptionally smart. Well-cut long coats and thin tailored suits were to the fore, with navy blue the winning colour by many lengths. White hats were a feature, and there must have been many hundreds there.

The Countess of Sefton, always so well turned out, was having a long talk with Lady Adare and Mrs. Robin Wilson, the trio wearing the popular navy blue; Lady Joan Philipps had chosen the same colour, and so had the Marchioness of Tweeddale, Mrs. "Geoff" Harbord, the Countess of Durham and the Duchess of Norfolk. Lady Throckmorton made a nice splash of colour in a scarlet suit with a large white hat, and Mrs. Eric Midwood looked very attractive in a suit and hat of flame-red.

In the paddock, before the big race, it was nice to see Lt.-Col. the Aly Khan watching his father's horses once again, and he must have been delighted with the way Naishapur ran in the Oaks. The Aly Khan, who was in battle-dress, was meeting many friends and saying how glad he was to be back on an English racecourse again after an absence of five years in the Middle East and Europe. He had arranged his leave to fly over in time for the Derby. A family party were the Marquess of Zetland, his sister, Maud Countess Fitzwilliam, his niece, Lady Joan Philipps, and his son-in-law and daughter, Capt. and Lady Jean Christie. This was Capt. Christie's first day's racing for five years, as he was taken prisoner in France early in the war and only recently released.

The Derby

How different the feeling this year to last year's Derby, which was run soon after our forces had landed in Normandy and just as the fly-bombs were starting to fall on Southern England. This year many families were enjoying their first day's racing together for a very long time, and all were determined to enjoy the day. Five favourites won during the afternoon, so a great many of the spectators went home better off financially.

The Royal party arrived in time to see the King's horse, Grand Harbour, run third in the June Stakes. Next came the Derby—a wonderful sight as twenty-seven starters, the finest thoroughbreds in the world at their very best, paraded slowly past the stands and then



The Allies Welcome Committee. June Reception Held in London

Special guests at the reception were repatriated prisoners of war of the British, Allied and Dominion Forces. Having a cocktail were Baron de Lynden and Mrs. Elliott Ware, whose work for the Allied Circle is well known.

Short speeches of welcome to the repatriated prisoners were made by Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, chairman of the British Red Cross Society, and by Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., chairman of the Allies Welcome Committee. Together were Lady Vera Terrington and Major J. Gervase-Lang

cantered down to the starting-gate. Dante, the favourite, was a credit to his trainer. He is a beautiful mover and looked a picture as, coming out of the Dip, he drew out from his rivals and won by two lengths from Lord Rosebery's Midas, with Lord Astor's Court Martial third. It was a popular win, and Dante was cheered the whole way to the unsaddling enclosure, where he arrived with his ears pricked and in no way distressed by his race. The King went down to the unsaddling enclosure to see the winner and to congratulate Sir Eric Ohlson, the owner of Dante, Mr. Matt Peacock, the famous North Country trainer who had trained the winner, and Nevett, who had ridden Dante. The Royal party left soon after the Derby and were given a tremendous send-off by the crowd.

In the Enclosure

It would really be easier to say who was not there, as everyone seemed to have made the effort to get to the first Derby since peace in Europe was declared. The tall Marchioness of Linlithgow was accompanied by her daughter, Lady Joan Hope; Lady Stanley had many members of her family around and greeted both her nieces, Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon and Miss Violet de Trafford, with an affectionate kiss; Margot Lady Chesham was sitting talking to her brother, Mr. Charlie Mills; Lady Mary



Mrs. Richard Lonsdale-Hands Harlip

The attractive wife of the well-known British industrial designer is extremely interested in the Marie Curie Hospital for Cancer, to whose welfare she devotes a considerable amount of her time, while her husband turned over a large section of his organisation to highly-specialised forms of camouflage for the Air Ministry and War Office during the war

Herbert was enjoying her first day's racing at Newmarket since before the war; the Hon. William Astor was chatting to Lady Anne Hunloke; and Sir Arthur and Lady Pilkington were early arrivals with Brig. and Mrs. Harry Scott.

Mrs. van Cutsem was with Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, who were staying with her for the meeting, as were Mrs. Ian Henderson and her brother, Mr. Michael Brand. The Countess Cadogan came over from the house she has taken in the district where her husband is stationed; Lord and Lady Delamere brought Vera Lady Broughton and Mr. Ralph Midwood, who were staying with them; and the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale, who were staying near for the meeting, came together. Lady Throckmorton motored down with Lady Stanley of Alderley as one of her passengers; Cdr. and Mrs. Scott-Miller were with Capt. and Mrs. Edden and Capt. Delme Seymour-Evans, who were staying with them.

Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, in a grey-and-red-striped suit, talked to Major and the Hon. Mrs. Wills; and Lord Nunburnholme walked from the paddock with Lady Chesterfield.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk were there both days; so were Lord and Lady Irwin, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, Lord and Lady

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Capt. Cunningham-Reid's Baby Christened

Capt. Cunningham-Reid's infant son was christened John at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. Capt. Cunningham-Reid, who is Independent Conservative M.P. for Marylebone, kept the news of his marriage secret for some time, "to surprise his electors." He is seen with his wife and son



Christened at Eton College Chapel

The infant son and heir of Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer was christened Anthony Ashley Frank at Eton College Chapel. Among the godparents were Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, Lady Carrington and the Hon. Mary Anna Sturt. Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer are seen with their son, and daughter Caroline Clare



Prospective M.P. at His Son's Christening

Col. Terence Maxwell has been adopted as Conservative candidate for the Acock's Green Division of Birmingham, and is thus following in the footsteps of his famous father-in-law, the late Sir Austen Chamberlain. His second son was recently christened by the Bishop of Oxford at All Saints' Church, Middleton Stoney. In the picture above are Col. and Mrs. Maxwell with their three children, Valerie, Patrick and David



Christening in the Crypt

Sir Geoffrey and Lady Mander's daughter was christened Anthea by the Bishop of Lichfield in the Crypt of the House of Commons. Sir Geoffrey is M.P. for East Wolverhampton. The christening party, photographed in the courtyard after the ceremony, included the Bishop of Lichfield, Mrs. Stirling (godmother), John Mander, Lady Mander with Anthea, Mrs. Frank Pakenham and Sir Archibald Sinclair, who is a godfather

Sun Stream Wins the Oaks

Two Famous Classics are



Having a picnic lunch were Capt. Martin Gilliat, who is a brother of Lady Sykes, and Mrs. Peter Thin



Major Peter Herbert, who is the famous G.R., was home on leave from the B.L.A., and at the races with Mrs. Peter Herbert



A party of four were Mr. Robin Middleton, Mrs. C. T. Middleton, Major J. H. Taylor and Mrs. J. H. Taylor



Chatting were Lady Veronica Maddick, who is a sister of the late Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, Countess Fitzwilliam and Mrs. Philip Hill

● The Oaks was an exciting, and truly magnificent race when Lord Derby's Sun Stream, ridden by H. Wragg, and trained by Earl at Newmarket, won by a short head from the Aga Khan's Naishapur, who, like Dante, is also sired by Nearco. The race was won on good going before one of the biggest crowds that the Oaks Day has ever seen, and the loud applause that cheered on Lord Derby's filly ceased for a moment, when the crowd knew that only the judge could tell the result of the thrilling and close finish



Miss Sybil Lambton, who is a daughter of the Hon. George Lambton, and Major and Mrs. McCalmont, who were married last year



Walking together were Miss Violet de Trafford, who is Sir Humphrey de Trafford's third daughter, and the Hon. Mrs. Innes



Mr. Charles Forester, who is in the Rifle Brigade, was with his wife, Lady Moira. She is the daughter of the Marquess of Ormonde



A cheerful quartette were Mrs. R. Hoare, Capt. Harcourt-Wood, Capt. P. A. O'Reilly and Mrs. D. Eccles

Photographs by

and Dante Wins the Derby

Run on the Newmarket Course



Capt. Harold Musker, of Shadwell Court, and Snarehill Hall, Thetford, Norfolk, was with Mrs. Harold Musker

Parking their car were Mrs. David Cherry, Col. K. W. Hervey, Mrs. Gerald Fuller, Mrs. Philip Flower and Mrs. Keith Hervey

A smiling party were Lady Rathdonnell, who is a Third Officer in the W.R.N.S., with Mr. and Mrs. A. Keith and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Morton

● Dante was the first favourite to win the Derby since Blue Peter scored in 1939, and the first winter favourite to score since Bahram, while no colt trained in the North of England has won the famous race for seventy-six years. Unless another Derby is run on the July Course, this post-war celebration will go down to history as having been attended by the greatest headquarters crowd on record. T.M. the King and Queen, and other members of the Royal Family saw the race, while the King's own horse, Rising Light, ran fifth



Lunching together were Sir Basil Newton, Lord Vestey, the Hon. Robin Cayzer, the Hon. Mrs. Peel, her father, Lord Huntingfield, Sir Clive Baillieu, Lady Huntingfield and Lady Vestey

In the midst of a picnic lunch in the car park were Mr. and Mrs. T. Howard, Mrs. A. Gold, Mrs. G. Wade and Brig. G. Wade



Mrs. Pease, Mrs. J. Alexander, who is Joint-Master of the Limerick with her husband Major J. Alexander, Capt. Smith-Bingham, and Major J. Alexander

Two more spectators were Miss H. J. Fleming and Mrs. Denis Baggallay

Another party having a picnic luncheon in their car were Mrs. Peter Hancock, Mr. Peter Creswell and Mrs. F. H. Hancock

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ALWAYS anxious to be fair to the Whigs, we heartily agreed with a chap who remarked recently that the sandwich, their noblest invention, is on the whole more beneficial to mankind than the aeroplane, since it probably kills fewer.

Whether the guests at Hinchinbrooke of the fourth Earl of Sandwich—"Jemmy Twitcher," Wilkes's old Hellfire Club buddy, later First Lord of the Admiralty—were equally enthusiastic when, after being sung to by Miss Ray, his lordship's mistress and mother of his nine principal children, they were regularly served with tumblers of negus and thinly-cut cold meat sandwiches for supper, we can't discover. Whigs were, and are, fond of their bellies, and pack away a great deal of rich and expensive food, whenever this can be done at somebody else's expense. The sandwich, originally invented by the Earl as a makeshift for sportsmen and gamblers with no time to waste at table, may have seemed to his guests a skinflint kind of put-off. We can see those sour Whig pans from here and hear the surly growlings in the bedrooms afterwards.

"Rot me, what a Supper!"

"You was vastly pleas'd with the Singing, sir."

"——! ——! ——!"

"'Twas a pretty Collation enough, for Persons who are not fanatick over their Guts."

"D——n his Blood, the mean Put! What, no Venison! No Veal-Pye! What Phantasy is this, damme? And Negus!"

"Then, Sir, you had better order our Chariot."

"Damme, Charlotte, are you frantick?"

They stayed, you bet, and even offered Sandwich cunning, oily compliments on his "neat and œconomick Invention." You know what Whigs are.

Cow

It took no Freud to perceive that a cow named Poslushnitsa, to whom the Moscow *Pravda* devoted an entire page recently, hurrying over a record yield of 3577 gallons of pure Marxist milk in one year, is a 100 per cent. class-conscious cow, bred on a collectivist Soviet farm. Unfortunately for our earnest Bloomsbury Jacobins, Poslushnitsa's record is still notably short of the 4000 gallons of capitalist milk yielded in 1939 by a British cow named Cherry of Amesbury.

Nevertheless, to dismiss Cherry of Amesbury as a Fascist cow, as some of the Bloomsbury boys do without hesitation, is

unjust, our spies report. Devoid of class-hatred and solidarity-consciousness and refusing to kick the local clergy, Cherry of Amesbury is nevertheless no Fascist. Though her udders are insensitive to the *Internationale* she spurned a test-banana imported from Falangist Spain in 1941, for example. Our spies add that judging by her smug expression and oleaginous manner, her habit of hedging vaguely on the question of State-control, and her venomous attitude towards Liberal cows, Cherry is probably a Simonite Liberal. Her milk when analysed in 1939 showed 0.55 per cent. more soluble fats than that of a Sinclair Liberal cow on the same farm, and 0.65 more than the nearest Lloyd-George Liberal cow. This proves, if proof were needed, that something or other is marching on.



MAURICE MCLAUGHLIN.

"Why not alter the last line to 'A myriad tiny voices murmuring midst the grass'?"

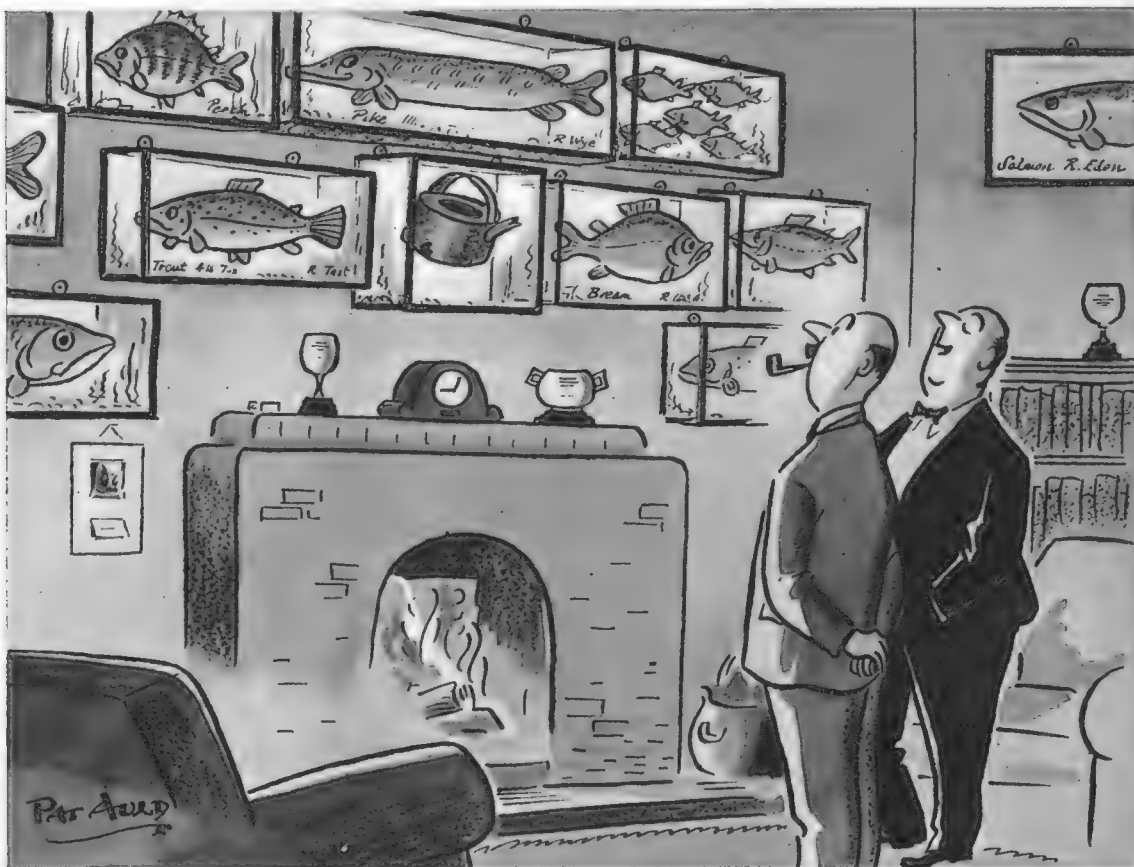
What we want to know is whether the cow Poslushnitsa's milk has yet been tested for Trotskyite bacilli. And if you think this is unimportant, you don't know the parlour Reds of Bloomsbury. Or any others.

Ghost

HAVING been murdered by her son in Elizabeth's reign in singularly uninteresting circumstances, the late Mrs. Doddington, who haunts Breamore House, Hampshire—lately General "Blood-and-Guts" Patton's H.Q.—is probably wringing disconsolate hands. This Tudor mansion is being returned by the U.S. Army, and Mrs. Doddington will regret a fascinating experience.

We wouldn't go so far as to describe the General (that admirable soldier) as a Pure Elizabethan Type for all that. A gossip who recently did so was probably unaware that Harley Street has a word for the big Elizabethan types. They were adrenalin-secreters, like Hitler. Grenville, who chewed and swallowed glass in his perpetual rages, is an obvious adrenalin case. So is Hawkins, who started the slave-trade. Over-secretion of adrenalin and lack of automotor-control made those boys fly off the handle constantly, and if Tennyson had noted this instead of writing that ridiculous piece "The Revenge," which has barely a word of truth in it, he would have earned his peerage more honestly.

Anyway, Mrs. Doddington has had a nice change, and she can



"Actually, I caught that one in a static water tank near Finsbury"

(Concluded on page 366)



David Rawnsley is not only a clever film designer, but also a talented painter, and the original designs for many of his settings are worthy of exhibition for their artistic merits

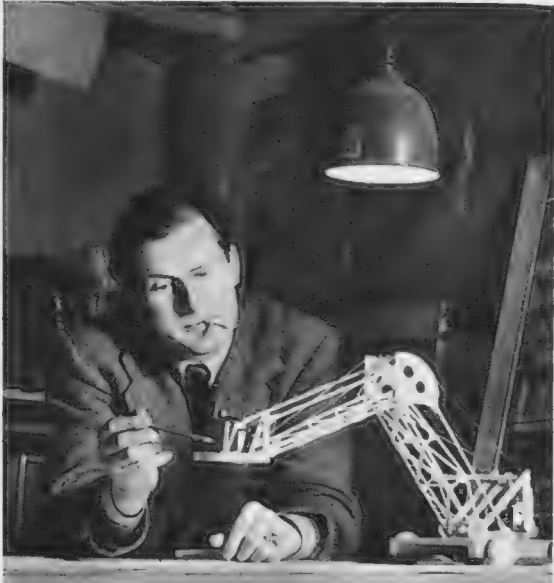
Brilliant Film Production Designer and Painter

David Rawnsley and His Attractive Wife at Their Chelsea Studio

His charming wife, Mrs. Rawnsley, is an authority on antique jewellery, and her collection is well known. She is the daughter of Col. L. Lees, High Sheriff of Shropshire

● David Rawnsley, the Production Designer, is one of the outstanding young men in the British Film Industry. Still in his thirties, he has been responsible for the settings of over 200 films, and among some of his most recent successes have been *49th Parallel*, *In Which We Serve* and *The Way Ahead*. A keen amateur yachtsman, he joined the Merchant Navy at the commencement of the war, but was invalided out when his health was seriously affected by exposure after being torpedoed. His Chelsea home is also his studio, where he works

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



David Rawnsley putting finishing touches to one of his exhibits; an exhibition of some of his work is being held in London shortly

Trained as an architect, Mr. Rawnsley has also to be a practical engineer as well as an artist in order to meet the demands of film-making

Mrs. Rawnsley has been driving in the ambulance service during the war, but finds time to work in their tiny garden

Standing By ...

(Continued)

still look forward to haunting interesting people, such as estate-agents. If we were a ghost we'd ask nothing better than to haunt Knight, Frank, and Rutley, to begin with.

Crime

ARSON, homicide, and bigamy are common enough in the musical underworld, as everybody knows. But when a conductor substitutes massed strings for the quartet in Ravel's *Introduction and Allegro*, as one did recently, we don't wonder at the critic boys being sick with horror.

It was not an impulse, apparently. It was planned and carried out in cold blood, like the crimes of Himmler and the Marquis de Sade. Before long a conductor will order the Ravel piece to be scored for six massed brass bands, and nobody will dare to utter a squeak. On the contrary, fulsome flattery will pour from his serfs, especially the strings and wood-wind.

A SYCOPHANTIC FIRST VIOLIN: Master! This is indeed an inspiration of true genius!

A TIME-SERVING 'CELLO: All my life I have longed to hear Ravel done in brass alone! Quite, quite exquisite!

A SERVILE OBOE: Corblimey guv'nor you're a blinking marvel!

(Here a tender girl harpist breaks into bitter weeping, and a venerable Bass Viol shakes his silver locks sadly, for he knows all.)

THE BASS VIOL: Thou hapless Babe! Heaven protect thee!

THE GIRL HARPIST (wildly): Mother! Auntie Maud! Ruby! Mrs. Widgworth! Mumsie! Capt. Hargreaves! (Swoons.)

The glittering basilisk eyes on the dais are upon her. She knows too well the reason for this sudden sadistic urge for brass. The tiger is menacing the lamb with a final display of ugly power. Don Juan is cracking the whip. She is doomed. See that cynical grin as he raps the desk for the first fortissimo. No wonder decent conductors (e.g., Toscanini, Basil Cameron, Barbirolli) turn with loathing from such persons. Or at any rate ...



Jameson

"There are no pianissimo passages in the next item, so you may as well all cough now!"

Chums

THAT was a fascinating story, we thought, of the ship which got off the normal shipping-route in the remote South Atlantic recently and found itself sailing for a hundred miles through a vast conference or jamboree of whales, thousands of them, browsing in groups on the sea-anemone and planning other whales' futures, or maybe just devoting a tender thought to British womanhood.

Whales in the South Atlantic
When twilight was falling,
"Maud! Maud! Maud! Maud!"
They were crying and bawling.

You probably remember that Tennyson's jealousy cooled down by degrees as he realised that the whales were not mocking or "getting at" his opulent sweetie, but merely celebrating a temporary corset-shortage, which meant a great deal to whales in Victorian full-whalebone days. The

sudden introduction of whales into *Maud* has often puzzled poetry-lovers; the more so because the poem opens so quietly, on a summer evening at Lord's after a County match:

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the straight bat, Knight, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here with the "gate," alone...

Why the M.C.C. allowed the poet to get away with the day's takings is another thing which has puzzled poetry-lovers, the poor dopes.

Urge

IT was only natural that within a month of VE-day a gaggle of citizens should start fussing in the papers about railings.

A psychologist tells us the Island urge to put up railings round everything derives from the days when hideous late-Georgian and early-Victorian tombs were—you can

still see them—ritually fenced by tall spiked iron rails. This was done to foil the body-snatchers and the surgeons and anatomists who employed them. Nothing the Harley Street boys liked better than your great-great-Aunt Caroline, delivered fresh at the back door within forty-eight hours and no questions asked. In some cases, as the Burke and Hare trial at Edinburgh revealed, the body-snatchers saved themselves a lot of digging and other trouble by knocking citizens on the head while still alive. Mr. Burke and Mr. Hare qualified in this manner for the high jump, whereas Dr. Knox, who employed them, continued to lecture complacently on anatomy as before. For suggesting he should have been swung off as well we recently got a severe rap from a surgical authority, which will show you those boys are as sinister as ever, not to say bloody-minded.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Jiz

"I therefore propose that the report, the annual accounts, and Miss Henderson now be adopted"



The Supreme Allied Commander—General Eisenhower

Portrait by Cathleen Mann

The portrait of General Eisenhower is one of many painted by the Marchioness of Queensberry, who is the well-known artist Cathleen Mann. After the invasion of France in June of last year, she was commissioned as official war artist to paint the Allied Commanders in France. Her work sometimes took her to within two miles of the firing-line, and she travelled some 5000 miles in her jeep. More of her portraits appear next week

Is She a Garbo, a Diet

First F



th or a Hepburn?

Find of the Post-War:

Lauren Bacall



● Famous American columnist Walter Winchell describes Lauren Bacall as one of the "very, very few hopefuls to crash the Hollywood heavens." Other critics say of her that she is "an American Dietrich," a "tall Veronica Lake," and describe her as "what most men expect their favourite girl to look like." She herself says, "I've got a big mouth, my hair is streaked and ugly, my teeth jagged—but that's me." Lauren Bacall started her career as a fashion model. Twenty-one years old, she got her big chance when producer Howard Hawks put her under contract. For eight months she worked hard, one of her exercises being to shout lines for five hours a day at the top of her lungs. In January 1944 Hawks gave her the coveted role opposite Humphrey Bogart in the filming of Ernest Hemingway's 1937 novel, *To Have and Have Not*, now being shown at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square. American papers describe the film as a "roaring love story of two independent souls, living at the brink of danger, loving every moment of the way." The intense love-making became easier for the two stars when they fell genuinely in love. Lauren Bacall is now Mrs. Humphrey Bogart. They were married last month at the home of novelist Louis Bromfield in Mansfield, Ohio.

Racing in Ireland

The Phoenix Park Races at Dublin



Sir Oliver Lambart seen leading in Highland Reel after he had won the Phoenix Hurdle Race. Sir Oliver Lambart's seat is Beau Parc, County Meath



Together were the U.S. Minister to Eire, Mr. David Gray, and Mrs. Andrew Knowles, who is the wife of Lt.-Col. Andrew Knowles, late Scots Greys



Enjoying the races were Miss Doon Plunket, her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, who is a niece of the Earl of Iveagh, Mr. Richard Aherne and his wife, Lady Patricia Aherne, the Earl of Drogheda's only daughter

• A large crowd saw Sir Oliver Lambart's Highland Reel win the Phoenix Hurdle Race of 500 sovereigns, which was the principal race; Mrs. S. Hill-Dillon's Golden Prince was second, and Whelan, owned by Mr. P. King, third. The day was showery, with bright intervals, so people came prepared for all weathers, though the braver ones were decidedly summery. The well-known racehorse owner and breeder, Lt.-Col. Darley, was there, and the United States was represented by the U.S. Minister to Eire, Mr. David Gray

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Armed with field-glasses were Viscountess Adare, who is the American wife of the Earl of Dunraven's son and heir, and the Countess of Fingall



The Hon. Mrs. Bryan Bourke, whose husband is a brother of the Earl of Mayo, was there with her daughter, Miss Sheelagh Bourke



Marking their cards were Lt.-Col. and Mrs. D. F. Darley, who came well-prepared for the show. Lt.-Col. Darley is the well-known Irish racehorse owner



Derby Winner Sir Eric Ohlson's Dante, and the Royal Family in the Enclosure Before the Race

Swaebe

This year's Derby winner, Dante, owned by Sir Eric Ohlson, proved himself to be a magnificent racehorse when he won the race by two lengths from Midas and Court Martial

H.M. the King was there to see his horse Rising Light run in the Derby, and so were H.M. the Queen and Princess Elizabeth. They are seen near the paddock before the race. With them is Mr. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who is the King's trainer, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Classics

DESPITE the fact that the favourites won in both the Oaks and the Derby, we all know what a lot of headaches both these races have given, not only to the prophets, but also to those in quest of the profits! Yet we ought to have been very thankful for any perfume of Araby which afforded us distraction from the malodorous atmosphere of the election egg. It is not, I suggest, putting it too high to say that most of us, especially those principally concerned with the fact that the shooting is nothing like over, were indeed so thankful. The situation created by some people is a classic example of those who never felt a wound jesting at scars. To come down to details: the short story of both these big races is that the Oaks leaves us in much doubt as to whether it showed us the best filly of the year; and that the Derby left us in no such doubt where the colts are concerned. In fact, what we saw in the latter race compels the definite conclusion that we know the winner of the Leger. The manner of Dante's win was quite as convincing as all that. He beat a good colt fairly and squarely, and, in my personal opinion, had won his race a good three furlongs from home; he was never out of the fighting-line from find to finish, and he displayed a blistering turn of speed up that hill out of the Dip. This is the hall-mark of the front-ranker, and it would be more than ungenerous to withhold even one frond of the bay leaves from so gallant a conqueror. Whilst congratulating Sir Eric Ohlson, his owner, who never lost faith in him, it is most necessary to add that the lion's share of the credit goes to Matt Peacock, who trained him, and to the vet. who cured an eye so badly injured that it might not have been possible to save it; and finally to Nevett, who rode him so well, and took no such chances as he did in the Middle Park Stakes, which, but for Dante's quite abnormal alacrity, he might have lost, since it is not every animal that can be set going again at short notice.

Another Congratulation

THIS time to the one man who, all through the piece, has been Dante's champion, Mr. Phil Bull, B.Sc. (William K. Temple), author of those most interesting volumes *Best Horses*, the 1944 one of which it was a great pleasure to review and gratefully to accept as a personal present from the author. Mr. Bull is the only man who has had the temerity to challenge the

late official handicapper's figures, for in his book he writes:

I have to say right away that I regard Dante as head and shoulders above his contemporaries. With due respect to Mr. Fawcett, and apologies also if necessary, I regard the way in which Dante has been weighted with the other colts at the head of the Free Handicap as preposterous. They are all of them much too close to him. Mr. Fawcett is a competent and very experienced handicapper: I am not. The probability is, therefore, that he is right and I am wrong. I merely state my opinion and add that it is one which I hold very firmly.

In the Free Handicap Mr. Fawcett was only asked to say what he thought of them at



Winner of the Oaks

The Oaks, won by Lord Derby's Sun Stream from the Aga Khan's Naishapur, was an exciting race to watch, for it was a thrilling and close finish. Lord Stanley is seen leading in Sun Stream after the race



Owner of Derby Winner

It was a victory day for Sir Eric Ohlson, seen with his wife, Lady Ohlson, after their horse had won the great race. Dante was trained by Peacock at Middleham, and ridden by the stable jockey Nevett

7 furlongs. He put Court Martial 1 lb. below Dante. At a mile, as three-year-olds (Two Thousand), Court Martial beat Dante a neck. On the two-year-old form, Tornadic colt (Sun Storm) was more than the 5 lb. below Dante that he got in the Free Handicap, but, by and large, and with none of the subsequent evidence available, Mr. Fawcett was not far out where Court Martial is concerned. We now know for certain that Dante's blinded eye most probably stopped him in the Guineas; but Court Martial, "the mere miler," ran a good third in the Derby, and was in the thick of the battle all the way. I think he is the handsomest thing I have ever seen, and he will win a good race at 1½ miles, provided always that Dante is not there! I frankly confess that, on the Derby running, I do not see how, given any reasonable limit, anyone could handicap Dante back to his followers unless there is a screw very badly loose somewhere. Where Midas and Court Martial are concerned it seems to be plain sailing, but I cannot understand High Peak. There can only be one reason.

The Ladies

No one has much doubt, I suppose, that Sun Stream was very lucky in her jockey in the Oaks. A short head means just that. Naishapur must have won if it had been a matter of a foot, not a yard, more, and now that Nearco has been so handsomely vindicated by

(Concluded on page 372)



Richardson, Worcester

Claines, Worcester, Horse Show and Gymkhana

Ivor Portlock, of Solihull, with his three ponies, Silver, Slow Motion and Bonnie Prince Charlie, after they had won first, second and third awards with clear runs, in the Junior Jumping for ponies under 14.2 hands, ridden by children under sixteen. With him are two of the judges, Brig.-Gen. Kelly, Director of Remounts, and Lt.-Col. W. H. Taylor



Anscomb, Newmarket

Windsor Lad's Last Son

To be submitted by the Banstead Manor Stud, Cheveley, for the First July Sales at Newmarket, is a fine bay colt by Windsor Lad out of Kuan Yin, by Manna out of Soubriquet

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Dante, what must we think of this brown daughter of his, all the more so since she has Blandford on the dam's side? The judge said a short head, and he was right; the Press camera said a length, and more, and, of course, it was wrong; but it said something else as well, and I think it was right. The Aga Khan's filly started at 20 to 1; Sun Stream at 6 to 4, and just before that she had been at level money. These odds are quite unlikely to be duplicated when and if these ladies meet again at anything approximating to the distance of the Oaks. The most distinguished young females in the Leger, besides the two just named, are Mrs. Feather and Blue Smoke; Solar Princess is not engaged. The Leger market, when it takes shape, will provide interesting reading. I think I know what the Ring will say after what has just been seen. If it says even money Dante, I shall not be greatly amazed.

Trieste

IF it were not one of the most attractive ports lapped by the tideless waves of Hadria and commercially just about as useful as Port Said, I cannot conceive why anyone should want to fight for its possession. Port Said is as plain as the corner of a street; Trieste as beautiful as the Goddess of the Foam—both are about level in sheer turpitude. There are, of course, those noisome 'opium dens in Port Said; but Trieste can counter them with her yoshiwara, a polite name for something much worse. The Vice Pedlar prospers exceedingly in both places, and seemingly is quite unrestrained, and is under the distinguished patronage of the hall porters of every hotel and every theatre manager. Even Port Said's new Plage does not help her in a beauty contest against Trieste, and there is no Miramar to which you can go in those fast little launches—and no Venice not so very much farther. That big square in Trieste, hard by the sea and the bathing-place, thronged by the local Nereids, is exceptionally attractive, and the lobster lunch grotto is as good as it is expensive. In August 1913 I suppose I saw this spot as no one will

ever see it again. It was a mass of colour from the uniforms of the Austrian Army, even then massed in some force for the trouble they knew perfectly well was cooking. With the military bands, the flower-girls, and other girls, the *officieren* in kit of every colour of the rainbow, their scabbards burnished to an extent not even approached in musical comedy—it looked exactly like a scene out of *The Chocolate Soldier* or *The Balkan Princess*. And how the locals hated those Austrians! No shopkeeper would answer to even the best German, which my own certainly was not but my fair companion's was—but they jumped to it the moment you spoke English. Not the least attractive spots of colour in this very vivid picture were the fruit and vegetable barges coming down the canal, and the only things that seemed to me to be missing were Franz Lehar and George Grossmith rigged up to look like an Austrian Húsar. The rest all fitted in with the Gaiety or Daly's! However, things now appear to have been settled, and that gallant scrapper Tito has shown that he is a man with the priceless gift of "hands." This means that if you cannot hold him with a strong pull, try a soft one!



D. R. Stuart

R.A.A.F. Lawn Tennis Team Wins Against New Zealand

In the first International Dominion Service match at the All England Club at Wimbledon, the R.A.A.F. beat New Zealand by six matches to none. Their premier singles player, Sidwell, was Junior Champion of Australia in 1938. Sitting: Noel De Voss, Roy Felan, Gordon Schwartz. Standing: H. J. Payne, W. R. Sidwell, K. Hemming



An R.A.F. Soccer XI. in Yorkshire

The R.A.F. Station Soccer XI, of Holme-on-Spalding Moor, has played thirty-five games during the season of 1944-45, and lost twice with three matches drawn. Sitting: F/Os. D. Clark, D.F.M., J. Davidson, D.F.C., J. O. Reilly (captain), F. Napier Pearn, I. V. Gibson. Standing: F/Os. J. Chalmers, D.F.C., D.F.M., T. Ambrose, S. Palmer, D.F.C., F. Neil, N. Kirkham, W. Rodham, D.F.C.

Good Causes

Two Hospitals to Benefit



Sir Harold and Lady Mackintosh were at the opening of the exhibition, which is to benefit the South London Hospital



The Countess of Southesk admired Mr. Churchill's portrait. The artist, Mr. A. Egerton Cooper, R.B.A., is on her left

THE SOUTH LONDON HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN at Clapham is to benefit from the exhibition of portraits, landscapes, etc., by A. Egerton Cooper, R.B.A., which is being held at the galleries of Ellis and Smith in Grafton Street. The entire proceeds are to go to the hospital

Right: Cdr. Campbell had a word with the Countess Fitzwilliam



Lady Dill was in great form. She is with Lady Baillieu and Sir Clive Baillieu

A gala performance of "A Night in Venice" was given for St. Thomas's. Here is the Matron with the Dowager Duchess of Richmond and Gordon and Lady Howard of Effingham

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL is to have a children's ward which will be a permanent memorial to British children killed during the war. The sum of £3000 towards the money required for building and equipment was raised at a gala performance of *A Night in Venice*, held at the Cambridge Theatre



Right: Lady Mary Fitzroy talked to Mr. Jay Pomeroy, through whose co-operation the evening was made possible



Lady Hamilton was among the early arrivals. She was photographed in the foyer waiting for the curtain to go up

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Character

How far is a man, any man, the creation of his own time? And how far does the man who is exceptional act on his own time, making it what it is? These questions, in so far as they are answerable, are answered, and in so far as they are unanswerable are kept in play in Peter Quennell's *Four Portraits* (Collins; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Quennell gives us studies of James Boswell, Edward Gibbon, Laurence Sterne and John Wilkes. These four were contemporaries; they inhabited what might be called the same climate—that of the English eighteenth century. No two of the four were in continuous, close relation to one another; though, given the smallness of the eclectic London and Continental society all frequented, their paths could not fail, from time to time, to cross. Boswell, for instance, had at least one opportunity of disliking Gibbon; Gibbon, as a subaltern in a militia regiment, was dazzled by the bawdiness and acumen of Col. Wilkes's conversation; Wilkes and Boswell climbed Vesuvius together. Sterne, like an excitable black crow, a crow of genius, crossed all skies. In the scheme of *Four Portraits*, however, such convergencies, if they add passing interest, do not play any important part. The closeness of Mr. Quennell's studies of each of these four men demands, and justifies, isolation. We have Boswell, Gibbon, Sterne and Wilkes, separately, each at once as the creature and maker of his own time; and, still more, each as confronted by the inherent mystery of his own being.

The fascination, to me, of any classical age is that it is accompanied by what one might call a sort of resistance movement on the part of the romantic element—character. The more polite and Augustan society becomes, the greater the dominance of the social idea, the more pressing and the more interesting grows the underground conflict. Mr. Quennell analyses this conflict in each of his characters. Of the four, one might say that it was Gibbon who had things under most nearly perfect control, Boswell who failed most abjectly in this matter. Sterne's inhibitions were so few that the conflict (or the control-attempt) would seem to have hardly existed for him; and Wilkes, ahead of his three contemporaries, was thrust into the overtly romantic role of a fighter for freedom (the freedom of the Press) and made the best of the position in which he found himself.

Selfishness

SUPERFICIALLY, the images of these four famous inhabitants of our eighteenth century are as familiar to us as royal profiles on currency. The high value of Mr. Quennell's book consists in its supplying for us, in each case, of the inner man. As one reads, shadows and ripples appear in, appear from behind,

those features that had formerly the rigidity of a mint stamp. Boswell's vanity, drunkenness and chronic vice scandaleuse assume, in their own way, almost a dignity as evidences of a desperation, his hypochondria; and give the more value to his rallying-power—from snubs, from bouts and from frustrated ambitions. With Gibbon, melancholy underlay an apparently planned and polished existence. Thin, long-legged Sterne, with his consumptive's avidity for the moment, was stalked after, throughout his best years, by the thinner, longer-legged spectre of death; and one is led to detect strain behind Wilkes's political loudness, amatory fame and personal virtuosity.

Of Wilkes, Mr. Quennell says: "He was not an unselfish man." And this could apply to the other three. Of the self-reproaches and scruples that tore Boswell, few turned on the happiness of his wife or the well-being of any of those around him for whom he had not a peculiarly high regard; Gibbon steered clear of ties and responsibilities, blandly displaying all those bachelor qualities that heavily-married people most resent; and Sterne, while continuing to pay the expenses of the unlovable Mrs. Sterne, carried marriage, as he carried his cloth, lightly. The Victorian juggernaut of *Unselfishness* had not yet been set in motion. Unselfishness as an extension of the Christian ethic is one, and a wholly admirable, thing;



Swaebe

Henry Rayner, the Australian-born artist, is known in his own country as "artist of the blitz," for he has worked courageously under great physical stress from bomb injuries, painting in London throughout the war. Early this year H.M. the Queen commended him on his portraits of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, for his achievement "under such great difficulties," while Mr. Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, General Smuts, and the New Zealand Deputy Prime Minister, have all bought pictures for their Governments.

unselfishness as a doctrine dosed to their victims by the Victorian domestic overlords, quite another. Victorian unselfishness has, in view of its many victims, to us of to-day a somewhat charnel smell. Yet I doubt whether the twentieth century has quite rid its system of the vestigial ideal of unselfishness. This haunts us, producing a sense of guilt. And it may account for the streak of envy in our admiration for the eighteenth century. For that age, at least that conflict did not exist.

Things and Scenes

"FOUR PORTRAITS" shows, as a piece of writing, rich texture and dazzling variety. To begin, as I have begun, by discussing the plan or argument of a book may suggest that interest lies, or pleasure is to be found, in the plan or argument only. In the case of Mr. Quennell's book, that would be most misleading. Here we have page on page of what is concrete, sensuous, intimate and delightful. Physical personality, in each of the four subjects, stands out strongly. We breathe, touch and see what these characters breathed, touched, saw. Salons, volcanoes, lakes, streets, prisons, the stews of Edinburgh, the snows of Mont Blanc, the blue-and-white ornate stillness of Gibbon's London study, the plum-heavy richness of Sterne's rectory garden—scene after scene comes close to us, turn by turn.

On page 123, we have in the Swiss evening of Gibbon's completion of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*:

(Concluded on page 376)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

EVERY morning, soon after breakfast, I always thank

Heaven that the Minister of Food has not an all-seeing eye. I scatter crumbs! And, as I scatter crumbs, I am for ever haunted by the picture, painted invariably in the most glaring primary colours, of starving, Liberated Europe. Not, however, that my few crumbs would make any difference; only one's social conscience has got worked up to such a pitch within the last five years, that now instinctively one is always rushing round switching off lights, turning down gas, trying to come to amicable terms with what coal merchants call "coal," breaking one's teeth on hard crusts and feeling generally that the least relaxation, the slightest creature-comfort, is losing the war.

Nevertheless, I still scatter crumbs! After all, says I to myself, under the circumstances one cannot easily make a pudding with no eggs, no milk, no sugar, not enough fat and only a few old crusts of bread to found a sweet on. And incidentally, both body and soul now revolt from yet another egg-powder-omelette. Besides, the sea-gulls don't like them, either. And it is sea-gulls who get the crumbs. So much joy does their flight give me in the days when natural food for them is plentiful, that out of sheer gratitude I try to make their lives easier when it is scarce. And why not, indeed—war or no war?

Sea-gulls are lovely things, and without them our seaside would be drab and drear. Few of us are grateful enough for the lovely things in life which cost us nothing and yet make everything so blessed—if only we are wide awake enough to see them. I wouldn't banish robins for a free pass into the most

gorgeous of all picture-palaces. Would you? You can keep your expensive orchid houses for my sight of a primrose carpet in a wood. I would sooner sit and watch the merry antics of a red squirrel than sit admiring the Changing of the Guard. Wild birds, wild flowers, all animals on their native state, trees, country lanes, the scent of a bean-field, a hedgerow in June, sunrise, sunset and the stars at night—we take them all so much for granted that many people scarcely bother to look.

To be honest, most of us don't deserve the world we are born into, nor often the life which is given us. We inherit the possibility of earthly blessings unimagined and unattainable by sea-gulls, and yet here am I sitting wondering if I shall be able next April to save sixpence out of what I've earned, queueing-up for fruits-of-this-earth just about to decompose, and enduring, as best I may, heart-break which, though inevitable, should never be, knowing quite well what it's all about, but mentally, morally and spiritually revolted that, being proudly human, I have to endure the result.

So more than ever am I grateful to all the loveliness which is symbolised in the colour and flight of sea-gulls, and for the joy they bring me in the midst of a life which hurls so many disappointments. Fools and their happiness are soon parted, but the beauty of the natural world, the enduring quality of love and friendship, the increasing joy to be found in Little Things, can make that separation seem less tragically absurd. Although materially these may gain us nothing, spiritually they are worth almost any sacrifice—from a life-long devotion to a few crumbs.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Lawford—Spencer

Major J. P. Lawford, M.C., 16th Punjab Regiment, elder son of Mr. L. H. Lawford, lately Commissioner of Customs, Shanghai, and of Mrs. Lawford, married Miss Joan Mary Spencer, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. E. C. Spencer, at St. John's, Colaba, Bombay. Above: Mr. Peter Lawford, Miss Pauline Shearburn, Major and Mrs. J. P. Lawford, Miss Lavender Wood



Lashbrook, Birmingham

Creswell—Davenport Price

S/Ldr. Edmund Keith Creswell, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C., R.A.F.V.R., son of Admiral G. H. Creswell, C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., and Mrs. Creswell, married Miss Primrose Davenport Price, daughter of Major and Mrs. Davenport Price



Wykes, Exeter

Brancher—Kidd

Lieut. Sefton D. Brancher, East Surrey Regiment, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Brancher, of Crowborough, Sussex, married Miss Joan Sturge Kidd, W.R.N.S., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Kidd



Holt—Malcolm

Lieut. Christopher Robert Vesey Holt, R.N.V.R., elder son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. R. V. Holt, married Miss Margaret Jane Venetia Malcolm, 3rd/O. W.R.N.S., elder daughter of Major Sir Michael and the Hon. Lady Malcolm



Buchan-Hepburn—Williamson

Mr. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn, M.P. for East Toxteth, Liverpool, son of the late Sir Archibald Buchan-Hepburn, of Smeaton Hepburn, East Lothian, married Mrs. W. K. Williamson, daughter of Brig.-Gen. the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Lambton



Campbell—Robinson

F/Lt. I. S. T. Campbell, son of Sir George R. Campbell, K.C.I.E. Westcroft, Pyrford, Surrey, married Miss Anne Valere Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Robinson, of Adelaide, and Melbourne, Australia, and at present of Artillery Mansions, S.W.1, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Left: Capt. Maurice R. Butler, 2nd Royal Lancers, fourth son of Canon and Mrs. W. J. Butler, of The Rectory, Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland, married Miss Elmo Verling Power, only child of Col. and Mrs. Pierce Power, of Carrig Le Poet, Windsor, at Holy Trinity, Windsor



G. W. Briggs

Butler—Power



Saumarez—Williams

Mr. Charles Saumarez, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Demaine Haslam, of Danehurst, Uckfield, Sussex, married Miss Jane Brodribb Williams, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Williams, of Hatfield, Sussex, and Dorset House, N.W.1, at St. Mark's, North Audley St.



Gardner—Hose

Cdr. (A.) Richard Exton Gardner, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., younger son of the late Mr. R. E. Gardner, and of Mrs. Gardner, of Overhill, Warlingham, Surrey, married Miss Jeanne Hose, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Hose, of St. George's Hill, Weybridge

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 361)

Stavordale, the Earl and Countess of Durham, the Earl and Countess of Sefton, Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke, Lady Londesborough, the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, Major and Mrs. J. B. Walker, Mrs. Gerald Walker, Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, Mrs. "Reggie" Sheffield, Mrs. "Mickie" Morris, Lord Carnarvon, Major Durham Matthews, Mrs. Philip Hill, Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, Capt. and Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort, Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert, Mrs. Jack Starkey and her son, Peter, who is in the Royals; Lord and Lady Lovat, Sir Melvill Ward, S/Ldr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel and his sister, Mrs. Rogerson, Mr. Walter Hutchinson, Miss Dorothy Paget, Capt. and Mrs. Evan Williams, and H.H. Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, who had a runner in the Derby.

Others were Lady Rose Fitzroy, Lady Bridget King-Tenison, Major and Mrs. George Glossop, Lady Helen Smith, Mrs. Penn Curzon-Howe and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, Capt. James Bowes-Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. John Dewar, Col. Alistair Campbell, the Hon. Vandy Beatty, Mrs. George Lambton, Miss Rosie Newman, Lady Petre, Mr. Harry Brown, Gen. and Mrs. Ozanne, and Col. and Mrs. Cutlack, who gave a very good dance on Derby night in their nice home near Mildenhall.

Brilliant Gathering at New British Opera

OPERA enthusiasts and celebrities crowded to the Sadler's Wells Theatre to hear Benjamin Britten's brilliant and original new opera *Peter Grimes*, which marks the reopening of this well-loved theatre. One of the most outstanding violinists of to-day, Yehudi Menuhin, who is in this country to record the sound-track for the film *The Magic Bow*, was in the audience. He is to give a concert at the Albert Hall this month. Other well-known people in the musical



Cambridge Cruising Club Ball

Among the very happy crowd of dancers at the Cambridge Cruising Club Ball held at the Dorchester recently were Miss E. Bond, Major Mark Bond, Miss Susan Decker, Major Bill Apsey, Miss M. Johnston and Capt. Paddy Biddell

world were Sir George Dyson, Director of the Royal College of Music; Sir Stanley Marchant, Director of the Royal Academy of Music; Albert Coates, the well-known conductor and composer; and Mr. John Christie, who is well remembered for his work in connection with the Glyndebourne Festivals, which have reopened this month. The Earl of Lytton, who is chairman of the Governors of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, greeted many friends in the audience. Viscount Lascelles was there; so were Lord Hambleden, Lord Keynes, Lady Bonham-Carter, Lady Colefax and Lady Wood, the widow of Sir Henry Wood.

Alexandra Day Meeting

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT presided at the meeting of Alexandra Day organisers and helpers at the Mansion House. The Duchess, who looked charming in navy blue with a navy straw breton, made a short speech very much to the point, urging all those present to make an even greater effort than last year, which was a record year. This year the London area, who last year collected £62,000 out of the total of £185,000, raised their target to £70,000. Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield made a speech, and so did the Lord Mayor and Miss Yvonne Arnaud. Others with the Duchess on the platform were the Vice-President, Winifred Duchess of Portland, the Lady Mayoress, Mme. Gousev, the Bolivian Chargé d'Affaires and Senhora Peneranda, Sir Leonard Costello, the Brazilian Ambassador and the Swiss Minister, and several others.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 374)

"It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains." The air was cool, the sky clear; moonlight glittered across the lake; the whole prospect seemed to be enveloped in a profound, gigantic slumber. An immense elation filled his mind—"joy on recovery of my freedom . . . perhaps, the establishment of my fame." But a shade of melancholy soon descended. Beside the enormous journey he had accomplished through the past, and the distance into the future that he hoped his book might travel, the present seemed trifling, his own personal existence precarious and transitory; and, though he had gained his freedom, he reflected that he had said good-bye to an old and agreeable friend, an entity more real than himself, the book that had been his companion, in the many stages and revolutions of its development, for nearly seventeen years.

"Always scribble, scribble, scribble! Eh?—Mr. Gibbon?" The footnote story on page 118 may be as well known as Mr. Quennell believes, but certainly is too agreeable to be omitted. It should come high on the list with anyone who may have in view the compiling of an Anthology of Royal Remarks.

Ballads

WILLIAM PLOMER'S *The Dorking Thigh* (Cape; 3s. 6d.) is a slim volume of terrific expansive power. This is a collection of eleven satirical ballads, not hitherto published in any book. It would seem to me well, where our nerves are concerned, that Mr. Plomer has not released this stick of eleven bombs on us until a few weeks after the last All Clear. Though I doubt whether, even after six more years of war, one would ever read these ballads with equanimity. To the already rocking structure of our 1938 morale (which is, I may say, the subject of several of them) they would undoubtedly, by a simultaneous appearance, have delivered the coup de grace. Mr. Plomer would have been hardly more popular than Jeremiah.

Poet, satirist and storyteller have fused, in the William Plomer of *The Dorking Thigh*, to produce these masterpieces of horrific comicality. In the title-ballad, for instance, we have Stanley and June, who, about to marry and requiring a nest, go with an agent house-hunting in a Posh Estate in the Dorking purlieus, to be confronted by a hideous discovery in an empty bungalow. (Read on.) "The Flying Bum" sings, movingly, of a contretemps in a vegetarian restaurant during the Vi summer. "The Playboy of the Demi-World: 1938" gives us, with remorseless verisimilitude, D'Arcy Honeybunn, that "rose-red sissy half as old as time."

"The kindest man alive," so people say,
"Perpetual youth!" But have you seen his eyes?
The eyes of some old saurian in decay
That asks no questions and is told no lies.

"Father and Son: 1939" is a document with a knifelike poetic edge; and "Night Thoughts in the Tottenham Court Road: 1942" will be memorable for its bizarre beauty. The book reaches its peak, in my view, with the unnervingly allegorical "Self-made Blonde"—before which my vocabulary falters: I will attempt no comment. If you have no haunted room to offer your week-end guest, give him *The Dorking Thigh* as a bedside book. Seriously, this collection is no mere rhymed Guignol. As a poetic accomplishment, it is unique.

Last August

"EIGHT DAYS THAT FREED PARIS," by Claude Roy (Pilot Press; 6s.), is a first-hand account by an eye-witness—and one, at the same time, not too busy to fight—of that week at the end of August 1944 when the F.F.I. in Paris rose to speed the departing Germans. The account, always vivid to an extreme, is confused in places; but then, so was the fighting. I read with intense excitement. The book, with its film-like movement, close-upness, dramatic long-distance shots and occasional inconsequences, is not less powerful, and is perhaps ampler in its effects, than was the film of the Paris fighting released to us in London last autumn. Here—to give an example of M. Roy's method, is the tank battle outside the Grand Palais, on Tuesday, August 22nd. Fire has broken out; the impassive, impartial Paris fire brigade drives up:

Shooting goes on all the time, through the smoke, through the spouts of water and the roaring of the flames under the enormous window. Through this hell-let-loose slip the stretcher-bearers carrying away the wounded. Some Germans, keeping their heads, form a human chain and hand out champagne from the buffet of the Cirque Housse. There is a sound of frantic neighing: horses from the circus stables are being led out, necks glistening with sweat, iron shoes plunging and clattering, maddened by smoke, flames and hoses. . . . There's a terrific elbowing together of firemen, Germans, rescue squads and prisoners. The Germans wonder whether they ought to arrest the rescue squad or help them. We squelch about in mud compounded of paper, rubble, wood ash, water and cartridge empties. . . . The horses whinny and rear. . . . A girl, cautious, retrieves a piece of paper lace, worked by prisoners in some unknown Stalag. A photo of Pétain lies on the ground. Over the arena, ropes and dismantled trapezes hang in yellowish smoke. The horses shudder and snort as they pass the corpse of the dead horse. People watch this crazy scene from their windows, with one eye on the dinner cooking on the last remaining vestige of gas. It is noon. The firemen have mastered the fire.

The second half of *Eight Days that Freed Paris* is an analysis, entitled "Victory by Will Power," of the organisation of the F.F.I.; and the "Epilogue" embodies a conversation, afterwards, with Col. Rol, who led the rising in Paris.



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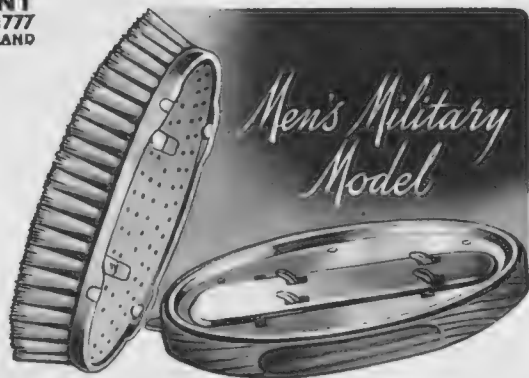
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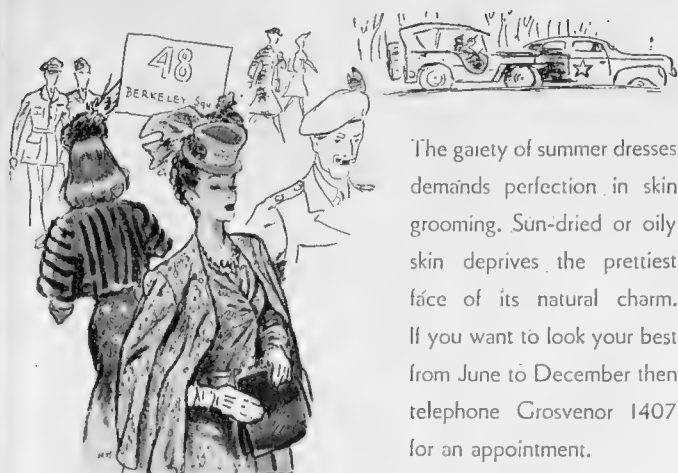
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CONDITIONING CREAM



RIVER HOLIDAY

by Jean Lorimer

● First favourites for the river are these flowered summer frocks. Thelma, longing to laze on the grass, has chosen a printed frock of navy and white made of Toolina; her more energetic friend Vivien has one of Tootoile. Both are cool, comfortable and crease-resisting; Thelma's has a shirtmaker collar and three-quarter sleeves trimmed with piqué; Vivien's gives the effect of a jumper suit. Both are Tebilized, which means they will stand up to long hours in a suitcase and emerge fresh as a daisy to greet the holiday hours



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Stories from Everywhere

SHORTLY after the capture of Aachen, Allied military intelligence office conducted a public opinion survey in the town. One citizen after another was questioned as to his political views, revealed that he had been opposed to Hitler from the beginning, but fear of the Gestapo had sealed his lips. Finally an Allied officer said to a professed enemy of Hitler: "Very encouraging, your views in Aachen. We had believed that most Germans were Hitler supporters." The Aachen burgher replied hotly, "We hate Hitler. Anything to the contrary is the filthy propaganda of the decadent, Jewish, bolshevistic, capitalist plutocratic democracies."

IN one part of the Near East we are told a husband ties a stocking round his wife's chin if she is talkative.

This is certainly more humane than a sock on the jaw.

THIS story comes from the *Magazine Digest*, Toronto:—

Years ago, in the poorest parts of Ireland, churches were far apart and it was necessary to hold various services in the priest's cottage. So, on a certain Confessional day, Pat was standing in line waiting to pour forth his sins and gaze enviously at a row of fat hams hung from the rafters above his head. Suddenly when his fellow churchmen were not looking, he slipped one under his coat. Finally his turn came.

"Father," he whispered, "I've just stolen a ham and I've brought it here to you."

"But I don't want it," retorted the priest angrily.

"Give it back to the owner!"

"I offered it to him," answered Pat, "and he refused it."

"Then keep it," man answered the Father.

"Thank you, Father," grinned Pat.



Tunbridge

The Twins, Patricia Dainton and George Bryden, are the youngest members of John Gielgud's Company now playing at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. They appear in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and in "The Duchess of Malfi." Their mother is Vivienne Black, John Gielgud's assistant manager

LONDON'S Hyde Park orators are the subject of wonder to visiting American Servicemen. One G.I. newly arrived in Britain, while listening to a fiery revolutionary urging the immediate abolition of British Royalty,

"Why should this 'e King and Queen live in Buckingham Palace and have gold baths and things?" demanded the speaker. "Now all of you follow me and we'll march to Buckingham Palace and get rid of the King and Queen!"

The very perturbed G.I. rushed to the nearest policeman and informed him of the impending disaster. "That's all right," said the bobby soothingly. Then, to the crowd he shouted: "Now, all those for Buckingham Palace line up over here."

THEY were entertaining friends in their new prefabricated house. Suddenly

one of the guests sat up with a startled expression and listened.

"Surely you're not troubled by mice already?" she said.

"That's not mice," replied the householder. "That's the people next door eating celery."

AGROUP of workmen were discussing the evolution and origin of man. One of the party remained silent, when a companion turned to him and demanded his opinion.

"I ain't goin' to say," he replied, doggedly. "I remember as 'ow Henry Green and me thrashed that out once before, and it's settled as far as I'm concerned."

"But what conclusion did you come to?"

"Well," he said, slowly, "we didn't come to the same conclusion—no, we didn't. Henry arrived at the 'orspital an' me at the police station."

IT was her birthday and, having no coupons to spare, her husband took home a parrot as a present.

"Oh, what a lovely present!" she said. "And, oh, look! He has got a string tied to each leg! What are they for?"

"Suppose you pull and see," said her husband.

She did so. "Good day, madam!" said the parrot as she pulled the string attached to his left leg. "Pleased to meet you," he added when she pulled the string on his right.

"I wonder what would happen if I pulled both strings at once?" she asked curiously.

"I should fall off my perch!" replied the parrot.

In a recent issue Miss Isabel Dean, a member of John Gielgud's Repertory Company, was described as the daughter of Paymaster-Commander Dudley Colles, R.N., Secretary to the Privy Purse. Miss Dean is the niece of Commander Colles, and the daughter of Mrs. E. V. G. Day. We apologize for this slip of the pen.

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Setting

EXACTLY how one should apportion the praise for the exhibition of British aircraft and air equipment which opens on the 21st of June in Oxford Street is difficult to determine. Sir Stafford Cripps was the Minister for Aircraft Production while the planning was in progress and Mr. Ernest Brown was the Minister while the exhibits were being assembled. Behind the scenes, omnipresent, anonymous and anxiously active were the civil servants, temporary and permanent, who carried out the instructions of their political chiefs.

It has always been difficult to know what a civil servant means when he says "I am instructed" to do this, that or the other. What really happens usually is that the instruction he receives is a fictitious reflection of an instruction he himself has previously given to his political chief. In other words the civil servant instructs himself. It is auto-instruction. On these grounds perhaps the civil servants should be given credit for the new show.

Such a show was desirable. My only grouse is that it is being held in the middle of one of the ugliest streets in the ugliest city in Europe. We have a knack in this country of cultivating the gawky and the gloomy. An aircraft on an open airfield looks a pleasant thing. Among the hideous agglomerations of bricks and mortar which make up London it looks much less good. There was a time when such exhibitions were usually sited among trees and in pleasant surroundings. Vauxhall Gardens was the sort of place we used to have, but have no longer. Even the Crystal Palace when it first went up was in a pleasing setting with grass, trees and flowers around.

The excuse must be that London now has very little open space left and what little there is will soon go. The railings are to be left down, so that the mob may trample down the grass and generally behave with its accustomed destructiveness. Hyde Park is being whittled into almost every day and the concrete and



Relaxation for some of Britain's best-known fighter pilots: Group Captain Arthur Donaldson, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., Wing Commander H. A. C. Bird-Wilson, D.S.O., D.F.C., Wing Commander R. G. Hodgson, Squadron Leader Tony Haliwell (in the rear), and Wing Commander Cliff Rudland, who has both the British and American D.F.C., take it easy in the sun

paving stones and macadam spread relentlessly. London becomes more than ever a place to get out of. I hope that the air exhibitions of the future will be held in places where the surroundings are pleasant to the eye and mind. Meanwhile aeronautical if not æsthetic good is likely to come out of the show.

Electioneering

THE unpolitically minded must sometimes find it hard to judge the influence of the political bodies upon their own activities. I am uncertain what difference there would be in the treatment of aviation by the Conservatives and by the Socialists. Both parties appear to agree that a full development of flying is necessary for the security and prosperity of the British Commonwealth. Where, however, there does seem to be a difference is in the proposed treatment of the private flyer. Socialism, with its belief in government controls, would, I suppose, confine private flying to ministers and officials. They would be provided under the Socialist regime with their own aircraft and would be allowed to fly themselves about the country on business and pleasure. But the private citizen would not, I imagine, be allowed to own his own machine.

For one thing his income would be kept below the aircraft-owning level by the taxation required for extensive social services and for another state air lines could hardly be challenged by individual transport.

Somebody has rightly pointed out that most of the plans for enabling the railways to stand up to road competition ignore the point of transport efficiency. If road transport, by individual vehicles, provides a more efficient means of carrying than the train, there is really no reason to support the train unless it be a strategical one. It is just the same in the air. The political parties would do well, I think, to make up their minds about their approach to transport. Are they going to allow the individual vehicle working on the roads or in the air to compete with the mass vehicle working on rails and on water? Is there to be an artificial obstacle set up to impede the progress of road transport and of individual and personal air transport? One hears that a perimeter has been drawn round London which will keep privately owned aircraft a long way away from the centre and will absolutely prohibit their using London air. If this is true it is a retrograde step. The correct approach should be to devise means whereby privately owned aircraft can come right in to London and other large cities without danger.

Suicidal Japs

STORIES come in thick and fast of Japanese pilots who are used as a substitute for the automatic pilot of V-1, the flying bomb. They go up in aircraft which are in effect, flying bombs and they direct them on the target. The report that one Japanese pilot tried to dive his machine into a British warship added that he was dressed in funeral robes, though there was no statement about whether he was wearing an oxygen mask or not. The B-29s have also been attacked by the "Baka" which are suicidal flying bombs. These attacks must be very unpleasant for those who are the targets. At the same time it is clear that the suicide method of waging war is fundamentally unsound. The point was made by an evening newspaper cartoonist with the utmost clarity when he showed a Japanese officer reporting to his superior the disgraceful and unfortunate news that "one of our aircraft has returned."

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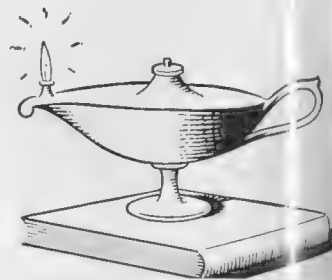
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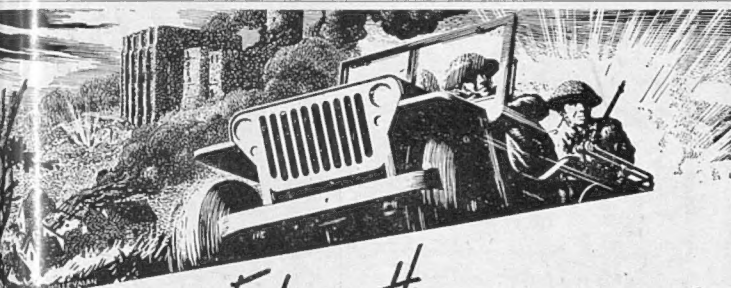
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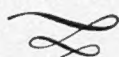
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Jacobite *Toasts*

In those troubled days when loyalties were divided, many were the Jacobite tricks devised to mark real allegiance. A favourite one was to pass the glass over the finger-bowl when drinking the King's health and thus toasting the king "over the water". In Georgian days to guard against this practice, the use of finger bowls was banned when royalty were present—a prohibition which was maintained until the accession of Edward VII.

Another trick was to toast "The King" and recite:

"Here's damnation to the Pretender,
And God bless the King!"



Who that Pretender is, and who that King
God Bless us 'All'—that's quite another thing!"

Yet another was the toast to "the little gentleman in black velvet" meaning the mole that built the mole-hill on which William III's horse stumbled and threw him in 1702.

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